

## WORK OF MILITARY PAINTERS.

## PICTURE SHOW BY THE FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.

Unique in Interest in Paris—Not Wanting in Artistic Attraction—Impressions of Many Lands Recorded by Army and Navy Men—Not All Fighting Pieces.

PARIS, March 21.—Among the varied exhibitions open at this season in Paris one is unique: the Salon of the Military Painters. One may visit not less than five distinct exhibitions in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts—referred to by most visitors as "the Salon"—alone, to say nothing of innumerable exhibitions elsewhere. But the exhibition of the military painters, which is on in the Grand Palais, has an interest distinct from that of art exclusively, although it is not wanting in artistic attraction, as will be apparent when it is told that De Neuville, Detaille and Meissonier figure on the walls.

The unique interest of this exhibition, however, is to be found in the crisp, personal, vivid impressions found there of men of the army and navy of France who have sufficient skill with the brush or pencil or in the plastic art to turn their hours of leisure into profitable diversion in the way of drawing, painting or modelling.

Visitors who have gone there with the idea of finding scenes of battle, stirring skirmishes, sea conflicts or the street uprisings of riotous times have gone to disappointment or to surprise, according to their natural bent. For the Salon of the military painters contains no more of such canvases than the regular annual exhibitions which are more familiar.

The idea of the exhibition originated with the Central Union of the Armies of the Land and the Sea, and the exhibition includes work from all branches of the service, as well as contributions from the reserve as from their brothers of the active service. Here are cavaliers painted by cavaliers, stories of the barracks told in color by officers of the week, ships caught by sailors from the deck or the rigging, landscapes of the Far East or the tropics painted by men of the troops in colonial service. The painters had the advantages of position and opportunity, and it is the point of view and the element of personal sentiment which give particular interest to these records of their impressions.

One writer commenting on them says that if their art is necessarily imperfect it has at any rate always the interest of the search for truth, is wholly spontaneous and charms by its freedom of expression and the ingenuousness of the sentiment which is revealed.

There is the enthusiasm of the camp, contact with the veritable military life. If there is little of the blood of battle, who knows but the painters have too keen, too vivid, too sorrowful recollections of fierce engagements to care to commit them to permanent record? Who knows what other records of such events, done by other military painters, have been guarded in the family circles and never permitted to see the light of public exhibition?

And for contrast note that some of these military artists, or artist military men, may by preference record in aquarelle their impressions of delicate flowers which under foreign skies have fixed their fancies. This line of contrast in a measure catches the Gallic fancy, and while in the popular imagination the army although long at peace still wears the ancient halo of martial glory, the



spectators of the military salon find an intimate and agreeable attraction in the

peaceful and unshabby tales told them in the pictures done by their countrymen

under arms. There are paintings by both present and former army men.

The exhibition is not one for criticism, and a small selection of reproductions of

some of its features here presented affords a description better than words.

## HOUSE OF MANY CONSPIRACIES

## HEADQUARTERS OF VENEZUELAN REVOLUTIONS UPTOWN.

A Red Draped Room in Which Venezuela's Presidents, Governors and Statesmen in Exile Have for Forty Years Plotted Against the Government.

In an uptown street west of Central Park there stands a small three-story brownstone house not different externally from the others in the block. It is remarkable because for some forty years in it have been hatched most of the conspiracies which have upset things in Venezuela.

Watched with anxiety by every Venezuelan ruler, it has seen the downfall of many a Government. As far back as the 1850s it was the rendezvous for dissatisfied statesmen from Venezuela.

To this house every incoming steamer from Venezuela brings exiles and political malcontents. Among those who frequent it are has been in all walks of political life—Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Cabinet officers, Ministers, Governors, Mayors and down the Government line to mere civil clerks. Rich men as well as poor men, learned men as well as ignorant men are found there. There are but two things common among them; they are all Generals and each is dominated by the same desire to hold power.

As they gather and rub elbows with one another in this house of the conspiracies, animosities are for the time being forgotten. Yet it is a common thing for them to be plotting together one day, seemingly friendly, and on the following day to be once more enemies. The pith of their philosophy can be summed up in David Harum's maxim, "Do unto the other fellow what he would do unto you, but do it first," and in this they show wisdom and foresight.

The room in which the conspiracies are hatched is on the third floor of the house. The place is dark and gloomy, hung all around with red damask and on the walls can be seen portraits of Gen. Bolivar, Paez and other Venezuelan and South American patriots. Here and there are hung pistols, muskets and flags, symbols of the revolution; printed patriotic appeals and vehement denunciations. The room is lighted by a solitary oil lamp placed in the middle of an oblong table.

Here the conspirators and erstwhile Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Mayors, Governors, etc., have met for the last forty years and still meet and cook up and serve on their Government friends on the other side these little revolutions which sometimes reach the capital, but which almost invariably land their leaders in some Government repository for the political insane, such as the Rotunda of Caracas and the Castillo of Maracaibo.

The first of the revolutions that had its birth in this room was the Guerra de Cinco Años (war of five years). The Democrats then held the reins of power in Venezuela and the insurrection, which was headed by Gen. Antonio Guzman Blanco, was that of the Liberal party.

One December night in 1868 five men sat in this room laying the plans for the civil strife that was to begin the coming year and to triumph five years later. For three weeks night after night they met and after their plans had matured others were admitted. Two months later three of these men left for Venezuela and in a short time the embers of revolt were aflame all over that country.

For five full years war was carried on incessantly and savagely, no quarter given or taken on either side, until the victorious

forces of Guzman reached the outskirts of Caracas. After a battle lasting seven days and nights the city fell and with it the power of democracy in Venezuela. Ever since the Liberals have held their own in that country.

During the struggle nightly meetings were held in this room by the arch conspirators, the guiding spirits of that revolution. Here the embers of revolt were stirred and fed; obstacles were overcome; money was raised and implements of war contrived to the scene of the fighting, until after five years the revolution attained its purpose and the committee of conspirators left the room, only to return to it at a later period.

Terrified at the havoc wrought by those five years of strife, the Venezuelans granted their country a respite of sixteen years—years not wholly of peace, however, for the administration of Guzman sent many a man back to New York and to the house of conspiracies.

In 1889 Andueza Palacio, who succeeded Guzman when the latter retired to Paris to enjoy the fruits of his long administration, found the duties and pleasures associated with the Presidency so very fascinating that he decided to remain in office after his term ended and told the Venezuelans so. That act caused a rumour, so the room again came into use. The Revolution Legalista first saw the light of day there.

Among the men that conspired there were many old timers, friends and enemies both. Of the five men of the war of 1859 three were back again eagerly feeding the flames of the new revolt.

The revolution was captained by Gen. Joaquin Crespo. It succeeded and the fallen President, Andueza Palacio, fled. Four years later Juan Pablo Rojas Paula, a former President of Venezuela and a Cabinet officer of Gen. Crespo, became dissatisfied with the way things were running in his country, so he came to New York, visited the house of conspiracies and another revolution was added to its list.

In 1897 Ignacio Andrade, by virtue of Crespo's power and good wishes, became President of Venezuela without the irksome task of campaigning or electioneering. The omission of formalities did not meet with the approval of the other two candidates, and as it would be an unprecedented thing to take political grievances to the courts in Venezuela, they decided on the more usual course of a revolution as the best means of settling the difficulty.

One of the two, Rangel Garibay, a Venezuelan who has passed the better part of his years on the frontier of Colombia passing and repassing the borders in warfare attitude, communicated with his friends in New York and the house of conspiracies was again the scene of action. His uprising was a small one and easily quelled, but it helped to keep up the revolutionary enthusiasm of the Venezuelans.

The next insurrection that was started from this house was the one of 1898, the Revolution Nacionalista, headed by the soldier of misfortune, Gen. José Manuel Hernandez, "El Mocho," who has passed half of his years in the field and the other half in a calabozo in the castle of Maracaibo. For nine months his partisans met here until the Mocho was captured and sent back to Maracaibo.

Following closely on the heels of this revolution came that of Gen. Ramon Guerra, a Minister of War in Andrade's Administration. Guerra resigned the portfolio or was resigned, as the case may be, and came over to New York to join the ranks of the malcontents. The inevitable happened and Guerra found himself a frequent visitor to this house, from which, in company with

others, he started the revolution of 1899. Guerra left New York and took to the field, but after some six months of forced marching and no fighting his chances of success looked so slim that he crossed the frontier into Colombia.

The famous Revolution Restauradora, which placed Cipriano Castro in the Presidential chair in 1900, was planned and manoeuvred from this house. Prior to his uprising on the slopes of the Andes Mountains a group of former Presidents, Governors, Ministers, etc., met here and carefully and skilfully laid the way for the coming revolt. Two days after Castro reached Caracas and seated himself in the Presidential chair the Mocho quietly left Caracas with a number of soldiers and started things going once more.

The men in the house of conspiracies got busy again and sat during eleven months in the room on the third floor until the Mocho went back to his old abode, the calabozo in Maracaibo.

Almost simultaneously with the Mocho's new performance Juan Píetri, a General de salon, thought he would try his hand at fighting and forthwith put his thought into execution. The news was immediately flashed by cable to New York and the little room was again witnessing meetings, but these, much to the chagrin of the intriguers, lasted only four days, as at that short time Píetri was caught and after a severe lecture was set at liberty by the Government.

One year later the friends of Rangel Garibay started another revolution from this house, and although that General was in earnest this time his venture was as futile as the last and merely succeeded in keeping the revolutionary fever of the Venezuelan in good working order. And now for the last so far of these revolts, the great Matos revolution. It was originated, planned and carried out by that General himself, aided by a number of men in this very room, where a committee set for one long year to find in the end all their carefully laid plans frustrated by Castro's armies.

That was three years ago and up to the present time there has been no new revolt, because of the unfortunate Gen. Antonio Paredes, who was recently caught and shot by the Government forces.

Such is the tale of the House of a Thousand Conspiracies.

## SOUTH AFRICAN TEMPLES.

Great Areas Enclosed by Solidly Built Stone Walls.

The temple ruins at Rhodesia are puzzlers. The crude folk used to say they were ancient, but Dr. Randall MacIver, their latest explorer, says they were built in the Middle Ages. He says the great "elliptical temple" was the fortified residence of the great chief or Monomotapa, whose away extended over an enormous area and as extensive population.

To understand how architectural feats like the finer Rhodesian buildings can have been achieved by the precursors of the modern South African natives it is necessary to assume that in those days there was organization of a far higher character than has obtained in recent years, organization under great chiefs whose power and intelligence were of a relatively high order. From the Portuguese and their records this would appear to have been the case in the days of the Monomotapa empire of the Middle Ages down to the close of the sixteenth century.

The organization of labor implied by the elaborate and decorated stone architecture is remarkable. Even more remarkable than the fortified castles are the terrace walls. These stone built walls form irregular concentric rings around the hills upon which the villages were situated, and although structurally simple, cover an enormous area, extending in some cases for a space of upward of fifty square miles.

## ARE ANIMALS ABLE TO COUNT?

## EXPERIENCES OF SPORTSMEN IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Power of Reasoning Time Shown by a Dog, an Elephant and a Crocodile—Counting Done by Moose and Salmon—Algerian Lions That Kept Track of the Days.

HULL, Canada, March 29.—Here are some stories told by sportsmen who happened to drift into a discussion of the question: Can animals count?

"You know I got my hound Oscar back again, didn't you?" said one. "Oh, yes; it was true enough about my losing him up the Gutierrez."

"He never could pass by a fresh deer track and never knew when it was right to give up a hunt. I was up above the Bascatong Bridge in the autumn of the year before last, and when the team came to bring down my duffle Oscar was away on a hunt."

"Last fall I went back to the same camp at about the same time in the beginning of October. 'Just one day earlier than last year, boys,' the teamster said as he helped me put up the tent, long after dark."

"Next morning I was getting out with the setter to look up the partridges when all of a sudden Oscar, fat and frolicsome, was capering about me."

"You know that large farm near the old lumber depot? I came home that way. Well, we were just passing the house when Oscar leaped and went playing and jumping about a man in jeans near the door. I was starting off again with Oscar when the farmer roared out:

"Say, where be you a-taking that 'ers dore?"

"Home," said I. "He's mine. Why?"

"Only because he's been living along of me for about a year until he lit out one morning three weeks ago."

"I made it all right with the farmer after a bit and showed him that the dog had not the slightest wish to remain with him, but had made a convenience of his hospitality until the time came for his owner to return. But it bothered me to know how Oscar figured it all out, to content himself at the farmhouse until the right day came to take that thirty mile trip to meet me on the old camp ground."

"Don't you think it possible that your dog kept account of the seasons or of the days?" said an Anglo-Indian. "Out in India there was an elephant battery stationed near my place."

"There was one elephant which had lost his regular mahout by death, and until a proper person could be obtained some of the underlings attended to him for month about. He was a grand old beast, having served through the mutiny, and was quite the pet of the battery."

"At last a cunning old Hindu gunner came on to attend to the elephant. It transpired afterward that from the beginning he cheated his charge out of part of his rations. He drew every day some seventy or seventy-five chupatties, or cakes made out of oat, a kind of crushed wheat, and kept back half a dozen of them or so to sell to outsiders as a private graft."

"Old Chubbudh knew it at once and set up a fierce screaming, for which in his ignorance a fool sergeant put him under discipline. After two or three days he kept quiet. Apparently he reasoned it out that the gunner would only be on for his four weeks, as the others had been, and it might be as well to put up with it for a bit."

"But on a Monday, when the man began his second month, and had brought him his chupattie ration, old Chubbudh knocked him over with a sidelong blow of his trunk

and then deliberately crushed him under foot. The other elephant tenders made no fuss about it as soon as a subordinate explained the mahout's treachery. Of course he could expect nothing less, they said, for certainly Chubbudh could count his cakes and keep track of the days as well as any other member of the battery."

"Poor old chap, he was court martialed and punished on the same footing too. It was six months solitary confinement for him, prison fare, with hard labor piling teak logs, after regular work was done."

"He got to be as thin as a rake before it was over. The day after the six months expired, the old fellow pulled up the pegs he was tethered to, smashed out of his jail, and stumped off gravely as possible down the lines to his regular quarters. A young, half grown elephant stood in his place, but it was only a minute's work for Chubbudh to pull him out, and send him packing."

"Then some one brought it to light that sixteen years before the old rasal had been sent down for six months, and all the mahouts agreed that he must have remembered that fact and kept accurate count of the days until the same term had again expired. If an elephant can keep count that way, why not a dog?"

"Of course, you know a moose can count," broke in the doctor. "If ever you travel on the track of a 'cute old bull, you will notice how he stops now and then, and looks back to take stock of his pursuers."

"After he has sized up the party, he trots ahead as hard as he can go for a mile or so, and then takes a prodigious jump to one side down the wind. He may on a slope clear thirty feet. Then he doubles back a few hundred yards parallel with the track and lies down till the hunters pass."

"There may be a dozen of them, but the bull will never move horn or hair until he has seen every one of them go by. If one of them should drop out, he will preserve a watchful stillness until night."

"My old guide put me up to the trick and told me that an experienced halfbreed will get the moose as he rises to get away when the regular party has passed."

"There were ten of us after moose at the Hibou one fall. We made a rule that for the sake of the guide and to keep ourselves from utter savagery we would not under any circumstances take out a gun on Sundays. We were there for eight weeks, and during the last three Sundays we sighted twenty-one moose."

"Occasionally we got on the tracks of moose on other days, but all we actually saw were the seven we killed. You know the older guides always say that the moose keeps track of the Sundays and most of them have superstitious objections to hunting that day."

"The net salmon fishermen say the same thing about the salmon," remarked the old sportsman. "On the Labrador and around Gaspe way all nets at the mouths of rivers are lifted all day on Sunday."

"It is quite an article of faith down in those parts that the largest, most experienced salmon count the days and start on their summer jaunt up streams on Sundays. I have been taken several times and shown by these keen eyed fellows the great fish lately coming into the river after sundown on Saturday night."

"You remind me of a shooting experience in the Congo Free State," said the military man. "I was stationed for secret observation service at a large native village on the banks of a considerable river. I had heard a good deal of the ravages of crocodiles among the young women and thought to occupy my leisure hours in killing the brutes."

"So I prepared my express rifle, which used steel tipped ammunition, and was setting

out, when I was halted by one of the head men, who told me it would be no use going out that day, nor before Tuesday of the next week. Why Tuesday?

"It turned out that every second Tuesday was cleaning up day, when every woman in the place turned out the family linen for a general wash. All the younger women slipped into the water up to the waist and began slapping the soiled and soaked articles against the projecting rocks, which is their way of knocking the dirt out of them. They kept complete silence during their operation."

"All of a sudden I saw one of the girls slip down into the current, screaming as she disappeared. The others began a hasty gathering up of the washing and ran toward the shore, where several little children were playing about."

"I wondered what it meant until I saw the forequarters of a great crocodile rise out of the water and seize one of the little ones. I had my big rifle at hand and ready, and when another, this time a gray, almost white, snout came up just behind one of the running young women I let him have it, and fortunately got a ball into his mouth, and I think into his brain. At any rate the ugly brute thrashed about a lot, but died at last in two feet of water, where we easily secured him."

"I found that from years uncounted the village had had its washing done every fifteenth day, and the crocodiles, or muggers, as my men used to call them, had learned to count up the days and come down stream for these occasions. Every time there was an alarm, and generally some devoured from the band of washing maidens. Still no one dreamed of breaking through the customs of the place so far as to change the time for the wash."

"I remember that in Algiers they used to take a curious kind of advantage of the counting powers of the wild beasts," said the doctor, who saw service in foreign lands in his early years. "On the first day of every month a file of soldiers was sent with despatches some seventy or eighty miles to where a detachment of troops was stationed."

"It was a nasty trip, through a broken wild country, anyway, and when I was there it was the night of a heavy rain, punishment for offenses which made it. A couple of black maned lions had found out the date of the through mail and lay in wait for it to pass."

"These creatures are supposed to prefer the flesh of Europeans to that of the natives. Possibly, however, it was the regularity of the supply which captivated this particular pair of handsome brutes."

"Of course, the order having gone forth from those in command, military propriety would not permit the date of the despatch of mail carriers to be changed. So every month the lions leaped out, dragged down one criminal and his horse and sometimes devoured both of the soldiers."

"More than one was lost while endeavoring to beat up the murderous lions. But they never found them, nor did any one see them in that section excepting on the first or second of the month, when the mail carriers had got well along on their trips."

"The authorities did not seem to worry much about it, but kept on sending prisoners to take the fatal trip month after month. A freshly arrived young officer would sometimes object but volunteer to clear the road of the black maned murderers. More than one was lost while acting as substitutes for the carriers, and the lions usually escaped through their cunning and agility."

"Once one of them was killed by a corporal who followed behind the two postmen. But by the next month the survivor had found another mate and when I left the precious pair were adding a French soldier to each monthly ration with fair regularity."

"No one there ever doubted the reckoning power of the lions. In fact, I fancy that most animals, like the migratory birds, have a very fair idea of time and probably know much more about keeping count than we have any idea of."

## BEAUX ARTS IN PARIS ROBBED

## MANY VALUABLE PAINTINGS AND BOOKS STOLEN.

The Loss Will Exceed \$50,000 and May Reach \$100,000—Thief by One of the Custodians Discovered After His Death—Some of the Plunder Recovered.

PARIS, March 18.—The library of the Ecole des Beaux Arts and in particular the famous collection of books and engravings bequeathed to the State by the architect, Leoufahé, has suffered by the hands of a robber to an extent that as yet cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy, but the loss will exceed \$50,000 and may reach \$100,000.

Leoufahé in his will must have foreseen the possibility of some of his treasures being stolen, for he expressly stipulated that before the collection was to be open to the public a certain time was to elapse in which a full catalogue was to be made and no person was to have access to the room unless a caretaker accompanied him and remained with him the whole time of his visit. That period has not yet elapsed, but the thief's wiles were not observed.

The losses were discovered not by the library authorities, but through the death of the thief, whose widow tried to sell some of the books and plates she found among her late husband's possessions. The husband was Albert Thomas, a well known architect and an officer of the Legion of Honor. Until two years ago M. Thomas held the appointment of architect conservateur of the grand palace in the Champs Elysees, of which he had been one of the three designers, and until his death he retained the office which gave him the opportunity of robbing the Ecole des Beaux Arts. As one of the archivists or registrars he had an office in the building and passed in and out unchallenged and his architectural thought of daring to examine his architectural portfolio, which he always carried under his arm.

The bookseller who bought from Mme. Thomas some of her husband's books was surprised to find they bore the mark of the Beaux Arts Library. A search was made at M. Thomas's home, where thirty-six large volumes valued at \$20,000 were found, which were part of the Leoufahé bequest, and engravings and prints of an equal value.

Other evidence came in. A woman who makes her living by repairing old prints gave information that in the last ten years she and her father had repaired prints for M. Thomas, probably to the number of a thousand, all of which bore marks where something had been scratched out, the official stamps presumably.

One of the books appropriated is unique and consequently priceless, a copy of "The Entry of Henry II. into Rouen," which belonged to Ruggieri, the astrologer of Catherine de Medici.

An album of Watteau prints of very great value has many of its plates missing. The "Fables," the "Baisers," and the "Heures" of Dorat were found in M. Thomas's home. Many of the stolen books and most of the stolen engravings and prints M. Thomas sold to a dealer in Munich, who visited Paris regularly.

He did not confine his larceny to the State Library or to books and prints. A private friend entrusted to him a book valued at \$5,000, entitled "Les Ornaments de Serrurier," by Jaquet and the owner has not been able to trace his property.

M. Thomas was also architect to the National Archives and so had entry to the Hotel St. Louis, the home of the National Archives, which contains many works of art. At M. Thomas's country seat has been found a magnificent chimney plate bearing the arms of the Bourbon family.

A dealer has returned to the Magistrate in charge of the inquiry into the matter seven etchings by Rembrandt, among them the "Ronde de Nuit," the "Mer," and the "Bourgeoisie de Paris." For these the dealer was to pay \$400, but Thomas died before the deal was consummated.

When the discovery of this remarkable series of thefts was made many theories were advanced to explain them. M. Thomas was a kleptomaniac; M. Thomas had gone insane; M. Thomas was a relative of Leoufahé and had expected to inherit his collection. This relationship proved to be a myth and the sale of the purloined valuables exploded the insanity idea. Police inquiries soon found a more prosaic motive, as they discovered a pretty demi-mondaine upon whom M. Thomas had been spending some \$20,000 a year from 1904 to 1906.

It should be added that the losses of the Ecole des Beaux Arts are not altogether exceptional. The National Archives, for instance, lost last December of things then known to be missing, but the list itself was lost. It was found the other day in M. Thomas's office.

## HARNESSING SWISS TORRENTS.

## City of Lucerne Supplied with Light and Power From Mountain Streams.

No region of its size enjoys so much opportunity for the use of water power as Switzerland. It has always been utilized to a greater or less extent, but it is only with the development of electrical science that its great possibilities have been realized. Electrical engineers in Europe express the opinion that its streams and waterfalls are not only capable of lighting, heating and furnishing power to its towns and villages, but that in addition they may be made to supply a large surrounding territory.

One great project for applying its water power has just reached completion. This is the harnessing of light and power to the city of Lucerne and to the health resort on the Engelberg as well as motive power to the Engelberg electric railway by harnessing the waters of the Erlenbach, a mountain brook which is made up of many streams flowing from the Engelberg.

All these streams are of considerable volume all the year around and they never freeze up. At their point of junction, the flow averages 500 gallons a second and the stream is tremendously swift, the fountain heads being more than 1,000 feet above the stream. It is naturally capable of furnishing 3,000 horse-power, and by diverting other brooks into it a maximum of 10,000 horse-power can be reached.

A reservoir of 2,471,960 cubic feet capacity has been created by damming a gorge in the mountain side in order to correct an shortage of flow. The buildings are at Obermatt and are designed to resemble a feudal castle, so that they may not in any way spoil the harmony of the landscape.

Internally, they are, however, a strict up to date electric plant, developing at present 6,000 horse-power, a set of dynamo for each 2,000 horse-power. A single man watching the machinery can work by an electric button the slides which control the flow of water, so that he can maintain an even rate of running.

The power is carried to Lucerne over lines about seventeen miles long, at a pressure of 27,000 volts.

## Watering Plants.

## From the Garden.

No plant should be given nourishment if it shows plain signs of ill-rejoicing. If the plant is ill, it is better to let it starve for a few days than to water it. A plant in a quarter to half an hour.